# The Female Tatler.

## *Written by a Society of* Ladies.

*Si non ego mihi, quis mihi? Et cum ego mihimet ipſi,* quid ego?
*Et ſi non modo, quando?*

From **Friday** November 2, to **Monday** December 5, 1709.

### Emilia's Day.

I HAVE received a Letter directed to the Society of *Tatling Ladies*, which I beg leave to Communicate to you, juſt as it is, and then I'll take the Liberty to make my Remarks upon it.

*The LETTER.*

*Ladies,*

'WE have been inform'd on all Hands, that tho' we behave our ſelves like Wiſe and Diſcreet '*Mice*, yet ſince we came to St *James's*, the Ladies of 'the Court make continual Complaints againſt us; ſo 'that the moſt accompliſh'd Gallants among us, dare 'not now Viſit them, for fear of meeting with ſome 'cruel *Mouſe-Trap*, ſome *bold Cat*, or *little well taught* '*Lap-Dog*, to catch us. In the mean time we are not 'faulty towards them, but are (if I may ſo ſpeak) '*Mice* of *Honour*, good Natur'd and of ſweet Condi-'tions, who to let you underſtand our Grievances, 'have thought fit to give you this Account of our 'ſelves, which have preſented to them in Writing 'after this manner.

*We poor little* Mice, *who are*
*Rather your Pity and your Care,*
*Than worth Revenge, with Tear in Eye*
*Weep our approaching Deſtiny.*
*Alaſs! we make no Noiſe, nor tread*
*Rudely a Nights about your Bed:*
*We wiſh that ſome fell Cat may track*
*Our Haunts, and clap fear'd paw on Back.*
*If ſince the Time you cannot Sleep,*
*We have not mov'd in tripping Step,*
*Like* Mice *of Order delicate.*
*To Mend and Moderate our Gate;*
*When on Adventures forth we go,*
*We* Cotton *Glew, to Heel and Toe.*

'But Thanks be to Fate, *Ladies*, we know now 'whence all this Diſorder proceeds, and tho' we are 'unwilling to Prejudice any Perſons, yet we muſt up-'on this Occaſion declare who are guilty, leaſt we 'draw a Puniſhment upon our ſelves, for Faults we 'have not committed: And now you may perceive '*'tis* plain at laſt.

*We muſt inform 'gainſt ſome Wild Creatures,*
*Made like us, but of Rougher Features,*
*And bigger ſize: Remove theſe Evils,*
*They're Jumpong, Roaring* Scarlet Devils.

'At leaſt, there has not been wanting good Infor-'mation, that theſe have not liv'd ſo Modeſtly about 'the Court as we, and one of us ſeeing the Life they 'led, told them t'other Day what he knew of their '*Tricks*: They had no ſooner heard it, but they aſ-'ſembled all upon their *Straw Couch* in the *Anti Cham-'ber*, and their holding a *general Council*, and playing 'Maſters of *Miſ-rule*, as Naturally *Rats* upon *Straw* 'do, one among the reſt was ſo bold as to to ſpeak 'thus, in a Tone full of Anger and Diſdain.

*Come, come my Lads, let us away,*
*And in the* Court *no longer ſtay,*
*The* Marriage Rat-Traps *I moſt fear;*
*As for the* Poiſon *I don't Care:*
*But I ſhou'd be Content, if ſhe,*
*Whom I have wak'd, might have a* Flea
*Still in her* Ear; *or for a Curſe,*
*Revengeful, to afflict her worſe.*
*May* Love *a conſtant L'arum keep,*
*And 'ſtead of* Rats, *diſturb her Sleep.*

'As for us *Ladies*, who are more Conſiderate and 'Reſerv'd, we conjure you to vindicate our Innocence, 'and the World know at whoſe Door the blame lies, 'in Conſideration of which we do aſſure you we ſhall 'be with all Reſpect and Submiſſion,

*Ladies,*

*Your moſt Humble and moſt*

*Obedient Servants,*

*The* Mice *of the* Court.

*Poor* Court *Mice*, I pity your lamentable Condi-tion! that the *Red-Coat Rats* ſhou'd get all the *Ladies* good Graces from you, but I promiſe you I'll Scourge them for you, and tell of all their Pranks for *Altamira's* ſake; ſhe whom they have diſturbed with their *Rendezvous* at Night, by ſcaleing her Chamber, and peeping into her Windows at the undecent hour of *Bed-time*, and whom they have pelted with their *Scan-dal* over their Bottles all Day, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the *Bait* ſhe laid to *Catch* 'em, was too tempt-ing; that tho' ev'ry one was for *Nibbling* at it, none durſt attempt to take it, for fear of the *Trap*, which ſhe always laid ready as her Guard. If *Altamira* has loſt her *Reputation*, becauſe every body likes her that looks upon her, I am of Opinion, there's not a Wo-man in the World but envies her ill Fame, and wou'd be glad to forfeit hers upon the ſame ſcore. And if the *Court Mice* are diſcourag'd, becauſe they think their

Modeſty

Modeſty will never prevail with a *Beauty* of ſuch Character, I will at once diſſipate their Fears, ann deceive theirin miſtaken Notions, with this aſſud unthat ſhe has baniſh'd all the *Rats* and to free herſelf from their Scandal, has made choice of a *Mouſe* of Quality to put a ſtop on her part, to all their Complaints for the fuiuret ſo rhat I hope the Gentlemen *Mice* of the *Court* will be ſatisty'd with the Choice *Altamira* has made, which without doubt will influence the reſt of the *Ladies*, to have a tender Regard to all the Conſiderate and Reſerv'd Lovers of that *Species*, who have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves ſo Signally in their Service, and by their ſingular Modeſty ſhown what a real Eſteem they had for them, which they durſt not publickly own ior fear of the Frowns of the Noiſy biting *Rats*, whoſe Teeth they dread, and whoſe *Talons* they are not able to grapple with. I queſtion not but thoſe *Ladies* well be ſatisfy'd with the wary Conduct of theſe Gentlemen; for there is no Wiſe Woman but what is pleaſed with a prudent Lover, that hates to expoſe his Miſtreſs over his Wine, or write her Name upon the Glaſs as a ſtanding Monument of his Gallantry, which in a little time renders her Name as common as *Cyndaraxa*'s, and her Reptation as little valued with the Diſcreet and Reſerv'd Courtiers. Here I wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted in my Diſcourſe by the coming in of Sir *Finical Nice* and Mr *Flaſh*, who engroſs'd all the Talk to themſelves, ſay what I wou'd.

*Laird, Laird*, Ladies, ſaid he, I ſhall break to Pieces with *Laafing, ha, ha, ha*—— What's the Matter pray Sir *Finical*, anſwer'd I, that you are ſo tranſported? Prithee dear *Tom Flaſh*, ſaid he, tell the *Ladies*, for I ſhall ſplit my Gutts, *ha, ha ha*—— With that, as ſoon as we cou'd get Silence from *ha, ha, ha* for half an hour together, Mr *Flaſh* proceeds thus: As Sir *Fenical Nice* and I came this Evening from Viſiting a Lady of the firſt Quality in the City, our Coach that waited having giving us the ſlip, ſeeing another ſtanding at a little diſt ce, Sir *Finical* call'd *Haack, Haack, Haack*; but the poor Fellow not underſtanding the Dialect, ſtood *Mute* and Motionleſs like a *Statue*, as well he might, while I was ready to break my *Twalling Strings* with Laughing: Sir *Finical* perſiſted in calling louder, *Haack, Haack*, why is the *Devil* in you *Haack*, that you cannot hear? At this, being willing to free my ſelf from the rumbling in my Guts I had occaſion'd by my Laughter, I call'd, *Here you Coach*; with that the Coachman whipp'd his Horſes, and cry'd *Haack, Haack* too, *Do you want a Coach, Gentlemen?* He was no ſooner lighted from his Box, but Sir *Finical* wou'd needs *Cane* the Mau for mimicking him: And was not I altogether in the right on't, *Ladies*, ſaid Sir *Finical*? Nay, I aſſure you, had it not been for fear of dirting my *Linen*, I had *Ridgell'd* the *Daeg* into better Underſtanding, a *Reaſcal* as he was, to call *Haack, Haack* himſelf, and not know what a Gentleman meant when he call'd *Haack*. The miſtake was plain, ſaid I, Sir *Finical*, for the *Coachmen* all expect to be call'd the *Coach*, while they call their Horſes the *Haacks*. I am convinc'd, reply'd Sir *Finical*, *ſtrike me Dumb*: But Pardon me *Ladies*, one Word or two, and I will make you Merry, with my Moruing Adventure. Being to wait upon a *Scotch Marchioneſs*, a near Relation of mine, I was call'd into her *Bed-Chamber*, where ſhe was Dreſſing herſelf, the *Ladies* of that Country you know not being over Ceremonious or Nice in *Decorums*; indeed, ſhe put me to the *Bluſh*, but it was for her *Ladyſhip*, who was drawing on her Stockings upon a pair of Dirty Feet, which ſenſibly affected my Noſe; but I believe on purpoſe ſhe had provided me with a Remedy, having a ſufficient quantity o *Sal Volatile* plac'd under my Head, which ſhow'd it ſelf very *Rubicund* in an *unſcour'd Pewter Pot*, which was an Inch thick at the bottom with the Salt of her own *making*, which no doubt ſhe preſerv'd for the Nounce, to free her from that faſhionable Vice the *Vapour*. Had I been a Doctor, I had infallibly caſt her *Water*; but as I was turning away my Head from being overpower'd with the *Odrous Smell*, I caſt my Eyes upon a *Vile Ale-houſe Pot* at the Feet of the *Bade: Foh, Foh, Madam*, ſaid does your *Ladyſhip* love *Parters Ale?* No, no *Cozen*, ſaid ſhe, I ask your Pardon for that but laſt Night, being afflicted with the *Tooth ach*, I ſmoak'd a Whiff or two of *Tobacco*, and ſo ſent for a *Pot* to waſh it *down*.


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